# The Mirror

OF

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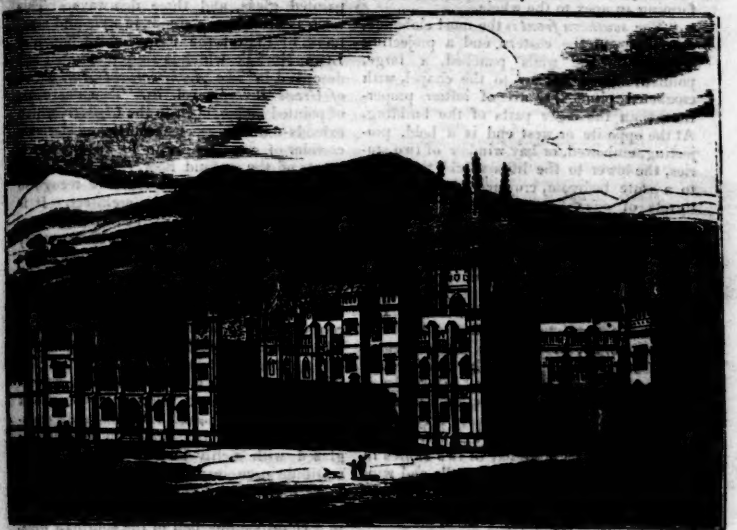
## TODDINGTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE;



THE SEAT OF CHARLES HANBURY TRACY, ESQ., M. P.

This stately mansion is in the style of the monastic edifices of the middle ages, and thence popularly called Gothic.* It has been erected during the last twelve years, and has been designed and superintended by its opulent owner, who is likewise proprietor of the manor of Toddington, (about three miles from Winchcombe,) and one of the members in Parliament for the borough of Tewkesbury.

In this noble edifice, Mr. Tracy has shown his respect for the quaintly expressed aphotism of the learned Sir Henry Wotton—that every man's proper mansion-house and home ought to be "decently and delightfully adorned;" and right glad are we to view a magnificent realisation of Sir Henry's precept for an English gentleman—such as the newly-erected mansion at Toddington presents. The accompanying print, (a view from the north-east,) is from the *Cheltenham Annuaire* for 1837, and the explanatory details are by Mr. Britton.

* Toddington is a felicitous exemplar of the application of Monastic or Christian Architecture to Modern Mansions, a point ingeniously illustrated by Mr. Britton, in a recent lecture, which see at p. 101 of the present volume.

"Unlike the old manor-house of the Tracys, which was placed in the lowest part of the land, on the verge of a rivulet, this is seated on a gentle eminence, with the ground declining to the south and to the west, whilst the eastern side is flanked by a knoll, covered with trees. On this site is a large mass of buildings, consisting of three distinctly marked features, and respectively occupied by the house, by its domestic offices, and by the stables. The first is, properly, the most prominent in size and decoration, whilst the second is a grade below it, and the third still more subordinate. All these are, however, intimately combined and associated by means of buttresses, gables, chimney-shafts, and towers. Their dressings and forms, being all built with a fine stone of a warm tint, constitute a mass so picturesque and imposing from every point of view, that there has been no necessity for planting out or concealing any part. Three sides of the house—the north, south, and western fronts, all opening to a fine lawn, are, however, the principal architectural façades: and each of these is dissimilar to the others, though the whole forms a homogeneous and consistent design.

The general elevation displays two stories, each of which contains ornamented windows, with mullions, tracery, and label mouldings, string courses, with bosses and heads, panels, enriched parapets, pinnacles, turrets, &c.; and a square tower, with crocketed pinnacles, forming an apex to the whole.

"The *southern front* is the most elaborate, presenting at the eastern end a projecting wing, with the walls panelled, a large, pointed, arched window to the chapel, with crocketed pinnacles, all of loftier proportions than the other parts of the building. At the opposite or west end is a bold, projecting, embowed, or bay window of two stories, the lower to the library, and the upper to a state bedroom, crowned with crocketed turrets of ogee form, and an ornamented parapet. Between these two projections is another of semi-octangular shape, also of two stories, with large mullioned windows, its walls covered with panelling, and its summit terminated with octagonal turrets, pinnacles, and a dressed battlement. The ground-floor apartments in this front are the private library, a vestibule, an octagonal breakfast or morning room, the dining-room, and the end of the library.

"The *western façade*, though not so much enriched as the former, presents an uniform elevation of two semi-octangular bays at the extremities, and a large bay of two stories in the centre, with intermediate walls and windows. On the ground-floor of this front are the library, the withdrawing, and the music room.

"The *north*, or *entrance front*, has two square towers at the ends, two stories in height, finished with decorated parapets and pinnacles, and having bay windows in the second story resting on fan-groined corbels, with niches and statues on each side of those windows. A low screen, of one story, extends between those towers, in the centre of which is a large archway of receding mouldings, with bold buttresses, and several steps, forming the entrance. Behind this entrance and screen is a vestibule and part of the cloister: at the western extremity is the end of the music-room; whilst the eastern end is occupied by a billiard-room.

"Branching off from the eastern side, but retiring from the north front, just noticed, are the *domestic offices*: which, excepting in the towers, consist of one floor. Connected with the south-eastern angle of these offices are the stables and coach-houses, surrounding an open court, and the whole again surrounded by a *covered ride*, extending about 500 feet in circuit.

"Such are the general exterior features and parts of Toddington. Of its interior it will only be necessary to particularize the apartments on the ground-floor with their dimensions on the present occasion, the first floor being wholly appropriated to bed-rooms. The *vestibule* is a square apartment of twenty-one feet, having a ceiling ornamented with bold ribs and bosses, its sides adorned with columns, panels, and tracery; a large window with mullions and tracery, filled with rich, painted glass, and three doorways. This room is nearly a fac-simile, in style and ornament, of that of the Red-Mount-Chapel, at Lynn, Norfolk, which is fully illustrated and described in *The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. iii. Two doorways, of pointed arches, open to the *Cloister*, which extends round a square court, and forms a corridor of communication to all the apartments of the ground floor. In the design and execution of this cloister, we recognise the skill and taste of the architect. It is convenient and peculiarly beautiful; it manifests the feeling and spirit, which we may conclude influenced those ecclesiastical artists who raised the noble cloisters of Salisbury, Norwich, Gloucester, and Lacock; and in beauty of material and execution will bear comparison with the best of those old works. The floor, walls, seats, and roof are formed of fine stone, carefully worked and jointed, with three-quarter columns, bold ribs, mullions, and tracery to the windows, whilst the capitals and bosses are elaborately sculptured. The windows, twelve in number, are glazed with richly stained glass. As the vestibule occupies the central part of the north walk of the cloister, so the *principal staircase*, surmounted by a *tower*, is placed in a corresponding part of the southern walk. Its steps, a central and two return flights, with its balustrades and walls, are composed of the same stone as the cloister, whilst its ceiling is formed of oak, with ribs, panels, and pendants, in imitation of the famed Crosby Hall, of London. This staircase has a lofty-pointed, arched window, also filled with stained glass, corresponding with those of the cloister; and at the bottom of the stairs is the statue of a monk in a niche, by Lough. At the north east angle of the cloister is a spacious *billiard-room*, 30 feet by 24, fitted up with wainscot paneling of the drapery pattern, with door, fire-place, and ceiling to correspond. At the south-east angle of the cloister is another vestibule to the garden, or lawn entrance, in which is an open stone screen. From this are entrances to the back stairs, to the private library, to a corridor to the dining room, and to the *breakfast-room*. The latter is of octangular shape, 24 feet by 22, with a coved ceiling adorned with bold ribs, converging from the angles to the centre, where there is a pendant. It has a large bay window of three lights, and a marble chimney-piece. A doorway communicates with the *dining room*, measuring 40 feet by 23. Though not on a scale to compare with the ancient, baronial halls of the

Tudor age, this is a handsome apartment fitted for the comfortable accommodation of the private family, or a large company. It has five windows of pointed arches with mullions and tracery.

"The *library*, 38 feet by 24, is fitted up with a series of niches, for cases, terminated with arches, pinnacles, and an enriched cornice, whilst the ceiling is divided by numerous ribs into panels. A small, octagonal bay or closet study, projects from the south-west angle; a large bay window to the south occupies nearly the whole end of the room, and a splendid, black, marble chimney-piece, in the Tudor style, and a large mirror, with a Gothic frame, adorn another side of the room.

"A *withdrawing room*, of larger dimensions than either of the other apartments, (40 feet by 24 feet,) occupies the centre of the western front, and is adorned with an elaborate ceiling, a spacious bay window, an enriched chimney-piece of fine marble, and oak doors, with ornamented panels.

"A *music-room*, to the north, terminates the suite of apartments on this floor. It nearly corresponds in form and size with the library, at the opposite extremity.

"In conclusion, it may suffice to observe, that whilst all the forms and details of doors, windows, chimney-pieces, and ceilings are executed in a style and spirit quite in harmony and in character with the best monastic edifices of the middle ages, the workmanship is sound and good. The stone is mostly from the Painswick quarries. Timber has been obtained from the manor, kept some years to season; and all the materials have been selected, and the workmanship executed, with a view to durability, as well as to appropriate character."

For a more detailed illustration of Toddington, architects and amateurs of art are looking forward with anxiety to an embellished volume, promised by Mr. Britton.

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### NIGHT IN GUIANA.

Dim twilight is stealing o'er forest and flood,
O'er mountain and river, savanna and lake,
The growl of the jaguar resounds through the wood,
As he bounds on his prey from the close-tangled brake;
The chirp of the cricket, the shriek of the owl,
The croak of the frogs sounding hollow and hoarse,
With the boom of the bittern, and cry of each fowl,
Which deposits its eggs by the swift water-course;
And, hark! like the sound of a deep convent bell,
From afar on the soft breeze, so solemn and clear,
The toll of the white campanero doth swell,
With what startling distinctness it falls on the ear.
Now,—warned by the shadows of fast coming night,—
The flame-coloured ara is seeking his nest,
Not lonely, he wings his vociferous flight,
For thousands like him are retiring to rest;
No longer in lethargy clustering cling,
The vampires in groups 'neath the dark forest glades,
But flitting around on the membraneous wing,
Like spectres appear, 'mid the twilight's dim shades;
Woe be to the mortal who chances to sleep,
Exposed to this blood-thirsty quadruped's bite,
He will find in the morn, that his foe has quaff'd deep
Of the current of life, though the wound be but slight.
The tiger-cat snarls, from the far distant hill
His long plaintive whistle, the tinamou sends,
And the yelp of the toucan so piercingly shrill,
With the curious note of the piapico blends;
The cry of the goat-sucker, like the last wail
Of a victim who falls 'neath the murderer's knife,
With the voice of the whip-poor-will sounds on the gale,
In long intonations with mournfulness rife;
If near to the hut of the Indian is heard
The note of the former, it chills ev'ry sense,
As he deems it an evil-predicting bird,
And awaits the result in fearful suspense.
More dense and impervious the darkness now grows,
Alike appear forest, and mountain, and vale,
By my side the deep Tuenton silently flows,
And that sweetest of warblers, the soft troupiale,
Pours forth from the boughs of the concourite trees,
Which clustering stand on a neighbouring mound,
His melodious song, on the balmy night breeze,
While the fire-flies are glancing and flashing around;
To a branch of this mangrove my hammock I'll swing,
And here will I slumber, devoid of all fear,
Till the crow of the hunnaquoi shrilly doth ring
Through the woods to proclaim that the dawning is near.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE OCEAN QUEEN AND OTHER POEMS."

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## The Novelist.

### MANON.

*A Tale from the German of C. W. Contessa.**

PERSONS who happened to be in Paris about the year 1800, may, probably, remember having noticed in the neighbourhood of the Louvre, a young woman, who took her station in the evening, usually on the side next the Place du Carousel, upon a heap of rough hewn stones, and endeavoured to arrest the sympathy of the passengers by her singing and playing.

I found her there one evening surrounded by a small but attentive circle of listeners. I was desirous of hastening onward, but her sweet and plaintive voice engaged my attention so strongly, that I became riveted to the spot. When her song was ended, no one's departure disturbed the tranquillity of the circle—all remained still, and seemed listening, full of expectation. The features of the songstress were concealed by a black veil, and a guitar rested on her arms. An old woman sat by her side, holding a saucer in her lap, in which were deposited the contributions of her audience.

* Born in 1777, died in 1825. "His tales display extremely delicate delineation, exquisite feeling, and a rich and fervent imagination." *Wolff's Encyclopädie der deutschen Nationalliteratur*, vol. ii., p. 56. Leipzig, 1836.

She soon resumed her guitar, and her soft but pleasing voice again breathed its melancholy accompaniment. Her next song depicted the wretched fate of those who, penniless and forsaken, are compelled to beg their bread from the hands of strangers. With what expression! with what feeling she sang! tones such as those which proceeded from her concealed lips could not fail to inspire the deepest sentiments of pity.

When the hour of nine arrived, the songstress arose and left the spot. I followed her. The beautiful symmetry of her form filled me with admiration. She hastened with her companion over the Pont Neuf, towards the Faubourg St. Germain, and, gliding down a by-street, entered an old and forlorn house. I stood for some moments undecided whether to follow her further or not: curiosity, prompted by compassion, however, prevailed, and I crept after her up the dark, steep stairs, until we reached the fifth story. She here opened the door of a little room, in which a lamp was burning, and entered, without having observed me.

Hearing the voices of some persons within, I approached the door, when it was suddenly opened, and the old woman, with a lamp in her hand, stood before me. My embarrassment was not less than her alarm. She started back. I took courage, however, and followed her, stammering forth some confused apologies for my intrusion. The songstress being disturbed by my appearance, arose, and came towards me, betraying symptoms of uneasiness. I told her what a deep impression her song had made upon me, and that the pleasing hope of being able probably to render her some assistance, had alone induced me to follow her. She made a slight, but respectful courtsey. "Sir," she began, and seemed about to thank me; but, suddenly checking herself, as if her determination had changed, she exclaimed, "No! no! nobody can assist me!" She then seized my hand, and led me towards a bed, where there lay a young man, whom I had not previously observed, and who, without noticing me, was busily occupied with some objects which lay upon the counterpane before him. I discovered that they were all kinds of little figures cut in paper, which he was endeavouring to range in order. "Manon, Manon," cried he, in a hoarse voice, but without discontinuing his occupation. She went up to him, and gently removed his black, matted hair from his forehead. "What is it, my poor Martinet?"—"You must make me a new merchant. This one was guillotined yesterday with his wife." He raised his eyes, and, grinning fearfully, looked at Manon with a vacant stare. I turned away from him with a shudder.

"Sir," said Manon, "the unfortunate man before you is my husband—my benefactor! Oh! he has, indeed, been cruelly used; he has, indeed, suffered! They tried but even now to tear him from me," she continued, "but I will only quit him with my life."

"No, my poor Martinet, Manon will not desert you." She seated herself upon the bed, and kissed his hand.

I took the opportunity of looking round the little room which they occupied. The bed took up so much space that there was scarcely sufficient left for a table and two old chairs. Behind the bed was a corner evidently appropriated to prayer, in which were hung a crucifix and portraits of some of the saints.

"You probably feel desirous of knowing," resumed Manon, "what has reduced us to this miserable situation, and I have no reason to conceal the story of our misfortunes. My husband's father was a merchant in the Rue St. Honoré, and had amassed by his industry a handsome fortune, which he intended to leave to his only son. I resided with my mother in a neighbouring street. We were poor, and gained our livelihood by needle-woork. It is now about ten years since my poor Martinet and I first saw each other; it was one Saturday,—I never shall forget the day—when, as I was leaving his father's house, he was just going out—he stopped and spoke some friendly words to me—I went away, but, on turning the corner of the street, I observed him standing on the spot where I had left him, looking anxiously after me. Our acquaintance thus commenced: we saw each other frequently, and he acquired an affection for me. It was not surprising that his parents reproached him for forming an acquaintance with me, for they were exceedingly rich and I was only a poor girl. How often have I implored Martinet, with tears in my eyes, to obey his parents, and forget me. But, ah! the unconscious force of love could not be controlled. When he came to see me, he used to seat himself in the old arm-chair, and I upon a little stool at his feet. I gazed involuntarily upon his beautiful black eyes, or watched his expressive mouth when he spoke; he pressed my hand to his heart; and, in a playful mood, would sometimes snatch the willing kiss when I was least expecting it. The ardour of our attachment was such that we were wrapt up in each other, my heart permitted no thoughts but of him; indeed, it seemed almost a crime to suffer anything for a single moment to divert my attention from him. It was, as if I had robbed him of something that was his right."

The remembrance of these happy bygone days seemed to invest the pale cheeks of Manon with a transient gleam of brightness. She cast a glance towards the bed, and buried her face in her hands.

"I will be brief," she continued, after a short pause. "My good mother died, and was thus happily spared the pain of witnessing her daughter's misery. Martinet's parents endeavoured to extort by force that compliance which they were unable to obtain by kindness and entreaty: upon this he forsook his parents, and persuaded me to accompany him. We took a little room in a remote part of this suburb. His father forbade Martinet his house for ever, but we did not on that account lose our serenity and peace of mind. My husband gave instructions in drawing and music, and I employed myself in embroidery and needlework. In this manner, we struggled on till the year 1793, and knew scarcely anything of the Revolution, until about the time that my husband's father was denounced as a suspicious person, arrested, and thrown into prison.—You are a foreigner, sir, and can hardly be aware of the horrid import of such a proceeding at that period. His wife would not be separated from him. My poor Martinet lost no time, when he heard of it, in obtaining permission to speak with his parents. Father and son became reconciled; for misfortune is often an efficient mediator, and restores to the heart its proper tone of feeling. I received the permission of his parents to visit them. Oh! heavens! the poor old people. What a change for them. Many a time, in the morning, when I called,—for I seldom passed a day without seeing them—they were both kneeling in a retired corner of their cell in fervent prayer; they rose to meet me, clasped me in their arms, and would have *thanked* me for my kindness; but that I would not permit; I threw myself on my knees before them, and we shared each other's tears.—In August, they were removed to the Abbey, and our visits were no longer permitted. In the meantime, my husband had used every exertion to procure them their liberty, but in vain. On the 2nd of September, we heard the report of the murder of the prisoners. Martinet hastened, trembling and frantic, towards the Abbey. God of mercy! At the very moment of his arrival the executioners were dragging his father forth! He pressed through the crowd, rescued the old man, and felled the men to his feet; but he was at length overpowered by numbers; they threw him to the ground, and his father and mother, with his little sister, who was ever by their side, were guillotined before his eyes. Two compassionate neighbours took pity on him, and led him home, bleeding and apparently lifeless. Scarcely, however, had he raised his eyes, when the executioners rushed into the house, tore him from my arms, and would not so much as allow me to be the partner of his fate. Where they took him I never knew, but I gave him up for lost. I was laid up with a burning fever, and remained insensible for four weeks. When I recovered, and the recollection of the past flitted before me, how often did I pray for death; but the Almighty knew what was best for me, and my life being prolonged, I am now become the attendant of my poor Martinet.—It was in June of the year following, that a friend brought me the news that my husband still lived, and would soon obtain his freedom. In that moment, all my sorrows were forgotten. I implored him to conduct me to the place where I might again behold him. With tears in his eyes, my informant begged me to restrain my joy; he gave me some further intelligence, and left me in a dreadful state of suspense as to my poor Martinet's condition. A few days after, the same friend came. 'Do not be alarmed,' he cried; the door opened again—it was my unfortunate Martinet, pale, haggard, and with dishevelled hair. I uttered a loud shriek, threw away whatever I held in my hand, and rushed towards him: he gazed at me with an unmeaning stare; 'Manon!' exclaimed he, with distorted features, and burst into a frightful laugh.—He had lost his reason!—You now know enough. Language can convey but a faint idea of the agony I felt, but here, (placing her hand convulsively on her heart,) but here—." She knelt by the bed side, and wept bitterly.

I laid my purse upon the table, pressed her hand, and hurried away unobserved, with feelings too painful to be expressed. A short journey called me from Paris for some weeks. On the morning after my return, I hastened with anxiety to pay poor Manon a visit. I knocked at the door; nobody answered; I opened it; the old woman was sitting by the bed-side, and a white sheet was thrown over the bed.—"Where is Manon?"—"She sleeps," replied the old woman, weeping, and turning the sheet down. She slept the sleep from which there is no awaking in this world. The deliverer, whom she had so often in vain invoked, had at length mercifully released her. Her eyes were closed, and a tranquil smile still rested around her lips. Her countenance was, as Tasso says, "un ciel notturno auco sereno."

The old woman told me that poor Martinet had died only a few days before.—His true and faithful Manon had not lingered long behind. C. S.

## Fine Arts.

### MEDALLIC ENGRAVING.

Our readers are probably aware that this beautiful art, which is of very recent origin, has excited such attention as to come under the notice of a committee of the House of Commons. The first hint of this art appears to have been given in a French work, called

*Manuel de Tourneur*, of which a second edition appeared in 1816. "In this work" says Mr. Bate, in a letter to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, "a process was given by which in a rough way embossed surfaces can be drawn or laid down upon a plain surface, with the effect of relief." This is called the old method. We will endeavour, as far as we are able, to give our readers a brief description of it, as well as of the improved process, by Mr. Bate and Mr. Froude. Imagine a horizontal plane on which any figures whatsoever are drawn, and another, on which these figures are to be transcribed, perpendicular to the former plane, and facing the west. If at the extremities of two arms at right angles to each other, a tracing and an etching point are fixed; and if, while the tracing point passes over the horizontal figures, the vertical plate follows, always parallel to itself, the etching point in such a manner, that it sinks exactly as much as it advances westward, and the contrary, it is easily seen that the figures of the etching point will be perfectly equal and similar to those described by the tracer. In fact, they will be perfect copies of them in situation, size, and figure. Now, suppose the tracer to pass, directly from north to south, over the surface of a figure in relief, the etching point would faithfully describe this vertical section on its plate; but every point would be just so much out of its true situation relatively to a line corresponding to the north and south line on the horizontal plane, as the corresponding point of the figure in relief is above or below the level of the horizontal plane. While a horizontal figure, therefore, may be accurately described, a figure in relief will be distorted, and by just so much more as the relief is more bold.

Such we understand to be the principle of Mr. Achilles Collas, a Frenchman; Mr. John Bate, of the Poultry; and Mr. William Froude, a son of Archdeacon Froude, seeing the errors of the old method, have both, but independently, it seems, fallen upon the same way of avoiding them.

Their process consists in making the tracer, instead of describing right lines north and south, pass over imaginary sections of the medal inclined to its plane in an angle of 45°. By this means, wherever there is a relief the tracer will describe a curve, and the etching point another on the vertical plane. What vertical motion is given to the vertical plate, to preserve the true relative horizontal situations of the various points on the medal, is not clear from any description we have seen. It appears to us, that to give every point its true position, the vertical plane, besides descending exactly so much as the tracer advances horizontally westward, must also rise or fall just as much as the tracer does. In other words, relatively to the tracing point, the vertical plate must have but one motion—a vertical one, precisely equal to the absolute easting or westing of this tracing point.

After the etching point has truly sketched out the figure, it belongs to the tool of the artist to give it effect.

But, whatever be Mr. Bate's or Mr. Froude's system, it appears from the account given in the *Literary Gazette*, of Feb. 11th, the best we have seen, and from which we have endeavoured to furnish the above outline, that the testimonies of its accuracy, and, therefore, of its superiority are decisive. We have seen some of Mr. Bate's productions, and can say, they are exceedingly beautiful. We shall be glad to hear that he has reaped the reward to which his ingenuity and the great expense he has been at, in prosecuting and patenting his invention, entitle him.—*Herapath's Railway Magazine.*

## Notes of a Reader.

### MR. CURTIS'S HINTS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE SIGHT.

(*Concluded from page* 165.)

*The use of shades and bandages* on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophthalmia, and even total blindness, is not infrequently the consequence of that which, being perhaps merely a slight flow of humour, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.

*The Sight.*—The most frequent situation of counting-houses, and other places where business is carried on, in close and dark situations, is equally injurious to the sight and to the general health; for the latter is not more affected by confined and ill-ventilated rooms, than the former by dim and obscure ones, into which the light of day can hardly ever be said fairly to penetrate. It is, therefore, essential to the preservation of the sight in any degree of vigour, that the apartments in which the greatest portion of our time is spent, and in which are carried on those occupations requiring a continued exertion of our eyes, be in a light and cheerful situation: for whoever neglects this advice will assuredly sooner or later feel the baneful effects of his temerity. Care should also be taken to avoid rooms whose windows face white-washed walls, which reflect the rays of the sun so powerfully as in a short time sensibly to weaken the strongest sight, causing inflammations, and a train of other evils.

*Important to Parents.*—Rigid cleanliness is a point of much importance as regards the sight of children especially; for it is well known, that though one powerful cause of

inflammatory ophthalmia among the children of the poor consists in improper and innutritious diet, yet it cannot be denied that the putrid exhalations of the places in which many of them are doomed to live, have a greater effect in producing diseases of the eyes, than even the deleterious and insufficient food, which is the lot of but too many of our miserable fellow-creatures in this great and densely populated metropolis.

*Colour of the Eye.*—That the colour of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange; yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark-coloured, should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than grey or blue eyes. Light-blue eyes are, *ceteris paribus*, generally the most powerful; and next to these are grey. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

*Hint to Lovers.*—Reading by moonlight, or gazing stedfastly on the moon for any considerable length of time, is a common practice with many young people, but one which cannot be too strongly censured. Even total loss of sight has sometimes been the consequence of astronomers pursuing their observations of the moon for too long continued a period, without sufficient intervals of repose; and in all cases the sight is more or less dimmed and weakened by exposure to such influence.

*Classic Barbarity.* — Dionysius of Sicily, deservedly called the Tyrant, taxed his own ingenuity and that of those about him, to devise continually some new method of tormenting his victims; and among those which gave the greatest satisfaction to this monster in human shape, was that of confining his wretched captives in dungeons of the deepest darkness, till their sight was almost lost from being unused, and then suddenly having them brought forth into the broad light of the meridian sun; the consequence of which, as may readily be supposed, was excruciating agony, followed by total blindness.

*African Revenge.* — Most barbarous, though perhaps admitting of some palliation, when it is considered how formidable an enemy to Africa their prisoner had been, was the treatment of Regulus by the Carthaginians: having cut off his eyelids, they exposed him in this deplorable condition to the direct rays of a tropical sun, by which he was very soon blinded.

*Rest.*—It will be well, whenever it can be accomplished, to give the eyes rest for awhile after eating, especially if our occupation oblige us to sit. The bad effects of an opposite line of conduct may be daily seen in the red faces, livid lips, and blood-shot eyes of those who either think intensely, or strain the sight soon after meals.

A singular proof of this occurred in Lord C., a patient of mine, who being extremely fond of the Opera, was in the habit of going thither immediately after dinner: on such occasions his lordship was always very deaf, and affected with dimness of sight for some time after entering the house. He and his friends were greatly at a loss to account for so singular a phenomenon, especially as the nobleman in question was very temperate. The solution of the problem, however, is not difficult. The determination of blood to the head, occasioned by the increased action of the heart and arteries, produced a pressure upon the auditory and optic nerves, by which their functions were impeded: after remaining quiet for a short time, however, the blood descended to the extremities; and consequently his hearing and sight returned. Some information on the impropriety of either bodily or mental exertion, directly after dinner, will be found in the chapter on the causes of disease, in the author's Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.

Again, after all employments that tend to inflame the passions, as pleading, preaching, lecturing, debating, &c., rest to the sight is absolutely essential to its preservation in old age; for the blood being more heated than usual, and flowing to the head in excess, unfits the eyes for a time for exertion; and will, if persevered in, produce the most painful consequences, of which I might cite many cases, in every profession exposed to such influences.

## Popular Antiquities.

### GOOD FRIDAY BUNS.

*(To the Editor.)*

Hot Cross buns are, in England, so intimately connected with our observance of Good Friday, and seem to bear in themselves such evident marks of their union with that day, that not one in fifty of their consumers would be inclined to give them credit for that high antiquity to which they may with so much justice lay claim. The most reflective among them, that I have met with, attributing their distinguishing mark to early Catholic times. It may surprise some of your readers, to be told that the cross has been used as a sacred symbol from the earliest times of the ancient Egyptians, and that the very word *bun*, is derived from the early Grecians: that it was a sacred cake, marked with the cross, and offered to their gods, all of which is fully confirmed by the annexed representation of one of these cakes, as depicted in Greek sculptures and paintings.

But, the early existence of these cakes is placed beyond a doubt, by the remarkable fact related by Winckelmann, of the discovery of two perfect ones at Herculaneum, (which it will be remembered was destroyed by a

(Grecian Consecrated Cake.)

volcanic eruption from Vesuvius, A. D. 79). He describes them as being both of one size, a palm and a half, or five inches in diameter. They were marked by a *cross*, within which were four other lines, according to the usual style of the Greeks from the earliest period. Sometimes they had only four lines, and then they were called *quadra*. This bread had rarely any other mark than a cross, which was on purpose to divide and break it more easily, represented by the inner central line of the engraving.

In Bryant's *Analysis*, we obtain a little more information on the subject; particularly as regards the name. He says: "The offerings, which people in ancient times used to present to the gods, were generally purchased at the entrance of the temple; especially every species of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread which used to be offered to the gods was of great antiquity, and called *boun*. Hesychius speaks of the *boun*, and describes it as a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. It is mentioned in the same terms by Julius Pollux. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering being made by Empedocles, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed: "he offered up one of the sacred libra, called a *boun*, which was made of fine flour and honey." It is said of Cecrops, that he first offered up this sort of sweetbread. Hence we may judge of the antiquity of the custom, from the times to which Cecrops is referred. The prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering, where he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros, in Egypt, and of their base idolatry; in all which their husbands had encouraged them: the women, in their expostulation upon this rebuke, tell him, "Did we make her cakes to worship her?" &c. Jer. xliv., 18, 19. Ib. vii. 18.

Descending to the earlier Catholic times, we find that they were "the Eulogiæ, or consecrated loaves, bestowed in the church as alms, and to those who from any impediment could not receive the host. They were made from the dough from whence the host itself was taken, and given by the priest to the people after mass, just before the congregation were dismissed, and were kissed before they were eaten. They were marked with the cross, as our Good Friday buns are."*

F. W. F.

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

## Anecdote Gallery.

### LITTLE STRAWBERRY HILL.

Mrs. Clive, or "Kitty Clive," as this fascinating actress is playfully called, was celebrated in those characters in which Mrs. Jordan subsequently excelled; her talents being peculiarly adapted to scenes of low life, as

(Little Strawberry Hill.)

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the character of *Nell* in the *Devil to Pay*, which was one of her favourites. After long being a distinguished ornament of the stage, Mrs. Clive retired to *Little Strawberry Hill*, an elegant cottage facing the Thames, on the western extremity of the parish of Twickenham, where, for many years, she "drank the pure pleasures of the rural life." Her neighbour, Horace Walpole, (of the Gothic villa,*) as well as many other persons of rank and eminence, courted her society, attracted by her wit and drollery; besides which, as old Pepys would have said, "a mighty pretty woman she was too." Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry afterwards occupied the cottage, which was bequeathed to them for life by Walpole. The elegant trifler wrote the following inscription for an urn to the memory of Mrs. Clive, which is placed in the garden:

Ye smiles and jests still hover round;
This is mirth's consecrated ground:
Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name
The comic muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired.

Mrs. Clive was buried at Twickenham, and a marble tablet on the outside of the east end of the church bears an inscription to her memory, by Miss Pope.

About the year 1816, Little Strawberry Hill was the occasional residence of Mr. Alderman Wood.

* Strawberry Hill, engraved in the Mirror, vol. ii., p. 433.

## The Public Journals.

### PLAY-GOING DAYS.

*(Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.)*

My theatrical friend, Jack R. (not Jack Richards—though he was a delightful fellow), was my companion—my other half in all matters, saving my poverty: for there was I, in lowly London lodgings, with sixty pounds a-year; allowing myself, as almost my only indulgence, the means of occupying a seat in the pit of Covent Garden or Drury Lane theatre, once a month: this enjoyment being legitimized, by taking only half a pint, instead of the coveted pot of porter, every day with my mutton-chop. Excepting, then, in my poverty, which I contrived for certain politic reasons to conceal, Jack was "my other self—my counsel's consistory;" and, on all theatrical occasions, he was sure to be with me. Though, comparatively, infrequent visitors, I believe we became distinctly known to the pittites of both theatres, by the vehemence of our applauses.

Jack and I, then, having met at a chop-house, are now on our way, with hurried steps and palpitating hearts, to Covent Garden theatre. 'Tis a quarter past six, and the doors open at half past precisely. We pass every body on our way, and walk half the time off pavement, that we may get on the quicker. Now we enter the piazza, scented with the "vegetable essence" of cabbage-stalks, and echoing the hundred screeching voices, which exclaim in deafening continuance—"Buy a bill o' the play! Covent Garden or Drury Lane?"—"Nice St. Michael oranges, sir! only eightpence a dozen!"—"Shove along, Jack!"—"Here, old woman; give us a play-bill:—come, come, be quick; for Covent Garden, to be sure: no, *that* won't do."—"Here, sir! here's vot you vant; here's a proper *house*-bill."—"Ay, that's it: come along, Jack!" And thus, among a thousand old women and other delectable impediments, purposely intended, I suppose, to augment our desires by retarding our progress, we approach, at length, that gloomy looking archway, which we all remember as leading from the north-east corner of the piazza into the darksome vestibule of the pit-doors. That archway past—through an open door on the left, is seen, gleaming in the radiance of a gas-light, a pointed finger, and the words, "To the one shilling gallery." The gods have ascended already to the upper portal. A second archway leads to the inner part of the vestibule, where a thickly set *posse* of expectants have surrounded the two yet unopened pit-doors. Ourselves and many others join the crowd at the same moment; nor have we taken our position many seconds ere we find ourselves as densely penned in behind, as we are penned out before. Still they continue to press on without, and to condense within, till we hang to the doors and to one another like a swarm of bees dangling from a cherry-tree. An unpleasant sense of neighbourly amalgamation begins to manifest itself in the trial of our ribs' elasticity, and we settle our arms in such a position, as may best serve us in the tug of war which is at hand. Incipient grumblings are audible. The females and the nervous gentlemen are alarmed. A kind of dogged selfishness seems to be taking possession of all hearts; and expressions of impatience are occasionally heard. Hark!—a bolt! They are opening the inner doors, preparatory to withdrawing the bolts of the outer ones. The concentrated impulse of the theatrical press-gang, is manifested by a simultaneous movement forward, and by two or three swings laterally.—"Don't push so—what's the use of being in such a hurry?"—"What's the use of your being in such a passion?"—"Sir! you're no gentleman!"—"Gentleman! no, to be sure. What should a gentleman do here?"—"Well, sir; but you should consider the ladies!"—"I consider, I do, by making myself a gentleman for the occasion, and taking them into the boxes

whenever they favour *me* with their company to the play."—"Ladies and gentlemen, take care of your pockets—there's one in!"—"Ah, but I don't care for *my* pockets, 'cause there's *none* in."—"No; you're the pick-pocket, I suppose."—"Stand back! here's a woman fainting!"—"There go the bolts!"—"Now for it! Here, Mary, keep close to me."—Screams are now heard. The bolts are drawn, the doors fly open, and in the phalanx rushes like exasperated besiegers into a conquered city! The inexperienced, who had planted themselves near the sides of the breach, are thrust aside, or jammed against the sharp angles of the door-posts, by the central torrent of the veteran troops; and the fat gentleman, who, a minute back, would have given the world to get out, might now vainly offer a world to get in. Mercy on me! I'm out of breath even with bare description of it. A moment's breathing while in the lobby, and on again for the pay-place. To the breach once more!—"I say, sir! would you (as you've got your arm up) be kind enough just to push down my hat?"—Down goes the hat over my eyelids, and I am borne to the pay-place in a condition of blind resignation.—"Put down your money."—"Push up my hat."—"Pass on."—"Stop, sir: where's your check?"—"My wife's got it."—"Then you're check-mated."—"Hurrah! here we are!"—Oh, the glory of first breathing in the open pit—of hopping, skipping, jumping, from seat to seat, and of settling at length in the middle of the fourth row, with friend Jack on one side, and a fair stranger on the other: then to look up, and see the gods and goddesses tumbling into the galleries, amidst the din of cat-calls, finger-whistling, shrill exclaims, and hoarse replies. Where rows of empty benches were to be seen a few minutes back, hats and bonnets and excited faces are now in parallels of busy motion; till, at length, the anxious eyes of the "standing-room" occupants, are seen glancing athwart the undulating surface of the brimful arena, like a string of unhappy herrings, looking wistfully but vainly on the waters which have the beach, on which they have been cruelly left high and dry.—"You couldn't move a *leetle* further, ma'am, could you?"—"No, sir; I'm sufficiently *squeeged* already."

And now the pit and galleries are full. Boisterousness is subdued into a sort of murmuring undulation, with only occasional gusts of riot from above. The second circle is gradually filling, with men of positive, and ladies of middling, gentility. The third circle receives those who cannot have their wish in obtaining front seats elsewhere; and both circles are subsequently occupied by young professional men, who, on this occasion, patronize the player rather than the play, and have a *generous* satisfaction in their exclusion from the better places. By the way, I should have said, it is Mr.——'s benefit.

The turn-keys begin to rattle at the doors of the dress circle. "No. 5, first company!" Enter a paternal superintendent, his turbaned wife, three daughters, and two dandy gallants. Down they come; the seats slam after them, and slap goes the door into its rebate. Thus it continues all around: "Second company, No. 9!"—"First company, No. 4, and second, No. 6!" Rattle—slam—slam—slam—slap! Fair necks, hazel eyes, nut-brown ringlets, cherry lips; plumb-coloured satin, kid gloves, ostrich feathers: here a dowager partlet in black velvet, there a covey of doves in white feathers. And now the house exhibits a splendid complement. The gods cry for "music!" One by one, the denizens of the orchestra appear, each especially looking as if he couldn't help it, and eyeing the fulness of the house with an indifferent, if not discontented, grimace, as though he should say—"all this is nothing to *me*." Oh, the delightful discord of the tuning, and the delicious smell of gas and orange peel. The stage lamps are rising: flash goes the flood of light over the blinking multitude. Through a slit in the curtain glances the treasurer's eye. "Ah!—peeping Tom!" A bell is heard: the pit partially arranges itself. The orchestral leader takes his seat. "Play up! journeymen sawyers!" A little more tuning yet: the leader looks around: three taps with his fiddle-stick portend the coming crash. His head is down; his bow is up; across the strings; and—crash!—away they go.

The dress circle continues to fill. As the overture proceeds, anxieties come over us. We hope the gods will be graciously silent. Our palms itch to greet the hero of the night. The final chords are being played; and, at length, one mighty volume of sound announces chord the last.—"Down!"—"Hats off!" and down we sit, dragging our coat-tails round, and snugly depositing our hats between our knees.

The bell rings, and up goes the curtain, yielding a grateful body of cool air, and developing the "three weird sisters, in Macbeth." The cunning of the scene is, however, at first provokingly disturbed, by the noise of late comers into the dress circle. And now opens scene the second, with king Duncan and the "bloody soldiers." And now, the witches again—and now,

"A drum!—a drum!—*Macbeth* doth come!"

"Now, Jack!"—"Ay, ay," says he; and we tuck up our sleeves, and breath restlessly, and keep a steady eye upon the bridge in the back scene, and watch the "forces" as they march across, one by one, to the tune of "Pattie's Mill;" and then, prematurely burst out with a "bravo!" at

sight of a highland dress, in which Macbeth is not. Another comes: not he. Another: not he. A fourth!—a fifth! "Start eyes! what! will the line stretch out to the crack o' doom!" Another yet!—ha!—a pause: "there he is! Bravo! bravo! (keep it up, Jack;) bravo! hurrah! hur—r—r—r—ah! Silence! Bravo! Hush! Bravo!"

* * * * * * *

The intervals between the acts are by no means deficient in interest; the fair splendours of the dress circle proving most attractive. Perhaps, the interregnum becomes enlivened by a squabble, more elaborately worked out than that which I have just described between Nosey and myself. The murmurings of incipient altercation gradually swell into breezes of hostility. All eyes are directed towards the scene of action. Anon, we observe the numbers around, mounting the benches to get a peep into the cock-pit. The ladies in the boxes near, are alarmed. The men become eagerly interested: the voices of the engaged swell louder; and louder still the voices of the backers. An oath is heard—a blow evidently given; then a struggle, and then a confused hubbub of "Turn him out!"—"Give it him!"—"That's it!"—"There he goes!"—The sound of a falling body then announces, that one of the combatants is *prostrate* in that space, intended only for *standing* room. The cheers of the spectators follow. The side door of the pit is heard to swing on its hinges. The tugging and shuffling of two pairs of hands and feet continue a few moments, when the doors closing-to, confirm the ejectment made; and, after an indistinctly heard rumbling in the corridor, the storm subsides. The men return to their seats; the ladies resume their tranquillity; the bell rings; and up goes the curtain for the next act.

Thus the play proceeds, till a brief disturbance possibly occurs during the entrance of the half-pricers, which is always ingeniously contrived to take place at the wrong time.

The play concludes: the hero is prostrate, panting in death; and, on the fall of the curtain, he is called to life again, by the magic power of his own proper name. Here is work again for Jack and self. Again, as at the beginning, we employ every possible means of deafening our quieter neighbours; and, having expended a greater sum total of enthusiasm than would have sufficed for the performance of the most impassioned character ever conceived by Nat Lee himself, we suffer the idolized tragedian to depart in peace, and sink sore-throated, sore-handed, sore-footed, and sorely exhausted, upon our comfortless wooden seats.

Freshly, as the shower after dusty heat, comes the farce, which is less wearing than tragedy, in being more sparing of the *intellectual* man; otherwise, as regards the man physical, it is sufficiently fatiguing: so that, by the conclusion of the performance, we are willing to depart, under the comforting anticipation of oysters and porter. A modified wish to be gone, is evinced by the audience at large, during the progress of the last scene; while many are on their legs, employed in shawling, cloaking, buttoning up their great coats, and half throttling with worsted comforters their little children. The concluding words of the actor,—particularly addressed *to* the audience—are, therefore, least attended to; and many a box-door is open before the curtain has fallen. Then follows the bustle of departure, in which the conditions of entrance are curiously reversed; for the pit avenue is quiet compared with the box portico. In the latter, all is riot and confusion. Loveliness remains impatiently shivering on the threshold, while gallantry runs to and fro in search of her ladyship's carriage. Then we have the call for hackney-coaches—number so-and-so (though, in fact, "number one" is the pervading consideration); the hoarse responses of the coachmen; the vociferations of footmen; the fiery zeal of link-boys; the trampling of vexed horses; the one, two, three, of the carriage-steps, as they are let down; the four, five, six, and closing slap of the door, as they are put up; the r—r—roll of the wheels, as one vehicle drives off; and r—r—ram-jam of the two next contenders for precedence. Such are among the principal features of box company departure.

From the pit, on the contrary, moves a mass, dense, slow, and silent. Some linger behind to take a survey of the interior of the theatre; watching with a half melancholy interest, the dying lights of the great central chandelier, and scenting the flavour of unconsumed gas. Their voices, which shortly before were drowned in the "busy hum of men," are now hurled back to them by echo: the servants of the theatre appear in various parts of the box-tiers; and the noise of falling seats reverberates in restored space. The gilded fronts of the boxes are veiled with their canvass coverings. The vast hall of excitement and multitude, becomes the tomblike abode of silence and desertion; and the last straggler is, perhaps, the last, only because he is the most poetical. He retires with a sigh, repeating Moore's lines,—

"When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who stands alone—
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all, but he, departed."

## New Books.

### LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(*Continued from page* 190.)

[We proceed with a few more passages from the charming Autobiography.]

*At the High School.*

In [1779] I was sent to the second class of the Grammar School, or High School of Edinburgh, then taught by Mr. Luke Fraser, a good Latin scholar, and a very worthy man. Our class contained some very excellent scholars. The first *Dux* was James Buchan, who retained his honoured place, almost without a day's interval, all the while we were at the High School. He was afterwards at the head of the medical staff in Egypt, and in exposing himself to the plague infection, by attending the hospitals there, displayed the same well-regulated and gentle, yet determined perseverance, which placed him most worthily at the head of his schoolfellows, while many lads of livelier parts and dispositions held an inferior station. The next best scholars (*sed longo intervallo*) were my friend David Douglas, the heir and *élève* of the celebrated Adam Smith, and James Hope, now a Writer to the Signet, both since well known and distinguished in their departments of the law. As for myself, I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity, as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions, my good-nature and a flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favour; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Luckie Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. I was also, though often negligent of my own task, always ready to assist my friends, and hence I had a little party of staunch partisans and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head, the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*.*

* I read, not long since, in that authentic record called the *Percy Anecdotes*, that I had been educated at Musselburgh school, where I had been distinguished as an absolute dunce, only Dr. Blair, seeing farther into the millstone, had pronounced there was fire in it. I never was at Musselburgh school in my life, and though I have met Dr. Blair at my father's and elsewhere, I never had the good fortune to attract his notice, to my knowledge. Lastly, I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him.—[1826.]

*Youthful Excursions.*

My frame gradually became hardened with my constitution, and being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback, and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a-day. A distinct instance occurs to me. I remember walking with poor James Ramsay, my fellow apprentice, now no more, and two other friends to breakfast at Prestonpans. We spent the forenoon in visiting the ruins at Seton, and the field of battle at Preston—dined at Prestonpans on *tiled haddocks*, very sumptuously—drank half a bottle of port each, and returned in the evening. This could not be less than thirty miles, nor do I remember being at all fatigued upon the occasion.

These excursions on foot or horseback formed by far my most favourite amusement. I have all my life delighted in travelling, though I have never enjoyed that pleasure upon a large scale. It was a propensity which I sometimes indulged so unduly as to alarm and vex my parents. Wood, water, wilderness itself had an inexpressible charm for me, and I had a dreamy way of going much further than I intended, so that unconsciously my return was protracted, and my parents had sometimes serious cause of uneasiness.

I endeavoured to make amends for my ignorance of drawing by adopting a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went I cut a piece of a branch from a tree—these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chess-men out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut—as the kings from Falkland and Holyrood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston; the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses; and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution.

Our next pleasure will be to select from Mr. Lockhart's very interesting illustrations of the Autobiography, *et seq.*

*Robert Scott.—Guy Mannering.*

In the Preface to Guy Mannering, we have an anecdote of Robert Scott in his earlier days: "My grandfather, while riding over Charterhouse Moor, then a very extensive common, fell suddenly among a large band of gipsies, who were carousing in a hollow sur-

rounded by bushes. They instantly seized on his bridal with shouts of welcome, exclaiming that they had often dined at his expense, and he must now stay and share their cheer. My ancestor was a little alarmed, for he had more money about his person than he cared to risk in such society. However, being naturally a bold, lively spirited man, he entered into the humour of the thing, and sat down to the feast, which consisted of all the varieties of game, poultry, pigs, and so forth, that could be collected by a wide and indiscriminate system of plunder. The dinner was a very merry one, but my relative got a hint from some of the older gipsies, just when 'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' and mounting his horse accordingly, he took a French leave of his entertainers.' His grandson might have reported more than one scene of the like sort in which he was himself engaged, while hunting the same district, not in quest of foxes or of cattle sales, like the goodman of Sandy-knowe, but of ballads for the Minstrelsy. Gipsy stories, as we are told in the same Preface, were frequently in the mouth of the old man when his face 'brightened at the evening fire,' in the days of the poet's childhood. And he adds, that 'as Dr. Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen Anne as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds,' so his own memory was haunted with 'a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak, who once made her appearance beneath the thached roof of Sandy-knowe, commenced acquaintance by giving him an apple, and whom he looked on, nevertheless, with as much awe as the future doctor, High Church and Tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the Queen.' This was Madge Gordon, granddaughter of Jean Gordon, the prototype of Meg Merrilees."

*Scott, a Child.*

There are still living two old women, who were in the domestic service of Sandy-knowe, when the lame child was brought thither in the third year of his age. One of them, Tibby Hunter, remembers his coming well; and that "he was a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house. The young ewemilkers delighted, she says, to carry him about on their backs among the crags; and he was 'very gleg (quick) at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them.' His great pleasure, however, was in the society of the 'aged hind,' recorded in the epistle to Erskine. 'Auld Sandy Ormistoun,' called, from the most dignified part of his function, 'the Cow-bailie,' had the chief superintendence of the flocks that browsed upon 'the velvet tufts of loveliest green.'" If the child saw him in the morning, he could not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge.

"Here was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear, blue heaven."

The Cow-bailie blew a particular note on his whistle, which signified to the maid-servants in the house below when the little boy wished to be carried home again. He told his friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that "the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life. There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, "Bonny, bonny!" at every flash.

*Scott at the High School.*

He speaks of himself as occasionally "glancing like a meteor from the bottom to the top of the form." His school-fellow, Mr. Claud Russell, remembers that he once made a great leap in consequence of the stupidity of some laggard on what is called the *dull's* (dolt's) bench, who being asked on boggling at *cum*, "what part of speech is *with*?" answered, "*a substantive*." The rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask his *dux*—"Is *with* ever a substantive?" but all were silent until the query reached Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly responded by quoting a verse of the book of Judges:—"And Sampson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be week, and as another man."* Another upward movement, accomplished in a less laudable manner, but still one strikingly illustrative of his ingenious resources, I am enabled to preserve through the kindness of a brother poet and esteemed friend, to whom Sir Walter himself communicated it in the melancholy twilight of his bright day.

Mr. Rogers says—"Sitting one day alone with him in your house, in the Regent's Park—(it was the day but one before he left it to embark at Portsmouth for Malta)—I led him, among other things, to tell me once again a story of himself, which he had formerly told me, and which I had often wished to recover. When I returned home, I wrote it down, as nearly as I could, in his own words; and here they are. The sub-

* Chap. xvi., v. 7.

ject is an achievement worthy of Ulysses himself, and such as many of his schoolfellows could, no doubt, have related of him; but I fear I have done it no justice, though the story is so very characteristic that it should not be lost. The inimitable manner in which he told it—the glance of the eye, the turn of the head, and the light that played over his faded features as, one by one, the circumstances came back to him, accompanied by a thousand boyish feelings, that had slept perhaps for years—there is no language, not even his own, could convey to you; but you can supply them. Would that others could do so, who had not the good fortune to know him!—The memorandum (Friday, October 21, 1831,) is as follows:—

"There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top,* nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

The autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adam. One of these little pieces, written in a week boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover inscribed by the old lady—"*My Walter's first lines*, 1782."

"In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky,
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are tow'd,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost:
Sometimes the mount with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils."

I gathered from Mr. Irving that these lines were considered as the second best set of those produced on the occasion—Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, through life Scott's dear friend, carrying off the premium.

(*To be continued.*) 221

* Mr. Irving inclines to think that this incident must have occurred during Scott's attendance on Luke Fraser, not after he went to Dr. Adam; and he also suspects that the boy referred to sat at the top not to the *class*, but of Scott's own bench or division of the class.

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### SIR ARTHUR FALKNER'S TOUR.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

[We return to this amusing work, chiefly for the sake of an interesting, seasonable extract.]

#### *Easter Week at Rome.*

About that greatest lion of modern Rome, St. Peter's, I shall trouble you with very little. It has had enough, in all conscience, of prose and poetry already expended upon its sublimity and proportions, to make it unnecessary to add one word about either; and to me it wants the glorious rust and hoary associations of a classic age to clothe it with much interest beyond what it claims for its architectural merits.

I descended the cemetery below the church, where the whole mob of popes lie gorgeously sepulchred; and among the mighty dead I found none reposed so shabbily undistinguished as our Stuarts. Their tombs positively look no better than so many huge, whitewashed corn-bins, and without one attempt at decoration. Indeed, none of the tombs or monuments are remarkable for much ornament, with the exception of a heathen sarcophagus which has found its way here, for what reason I could never learn. It is the tomb of one Junius Bassus, a consul, and is conspicuous for a profusion of figures in bas-relief.

Easter collected, as usual, half the world to Rome. Don Miguel, a worthy actor in such a scene, gave his pious aid in the operation of washing the feet of the pilgrims. His ex-majesty sat among the cardinals, by far the greatest lion of the menagerie. I spare you the details, which but ill requited the suffering of standing on a cold marble pavement from nine o'clock in the morning until two. The holy week, I understand is the great harvest of pickpockets. A priest of my acquaintance had his handkerchief nimmed during high mass, and thought it a capital joke.

The difficulty of getting a good place in the church was child's play, compared to the jostling in the Sistine chapel. The elbowing right and left to be first at the performance of the *miserere* was fearful beyond descrip-

tion, and the heat suffocating, while remonstrance and expostulation against continued pummellings were absolutely unavailing. All Rome kept rushing into the narrow precincts, Some were nearly in a state of deliquium and a few bolder spirits had recourse to threats and ill language, as the tumult grew more oppressive and the oppressors more insolent and overbearing. Blows were prevented only by the impossibility of dealing them. The most infuriated foes could only look daggers at one another, face to face. I dwell upon this scene, because I certainly never suffered so much by a crowd in my life. A broad-backed, brawny Irish priest, from county Kildare, acted for some minutes, as a break-water between me and the current, but he too, at last, gave way, and my only resource was, a determined effort to make for the door, which I at last effected, after a most desperate struggle.

The grand illumination of the temple, in the evening, was the work of two hours at least. I saw it to great advantage, from the balcony of one of the cardinal's palaces, directly opposite. But the tardiness of the operation took very much from the effect of the surprise which would have been produced by a more concerted and simultaneous movement. By far the best point of view is from the Pincian hill, at the foot of Sallust's obelisk, where I lingered until long past midnight, among thousands of spectators, and where all Rome was perched and swarming on the walls and terraces. The Cardinal's party was composed of the first ranks, lay and clerical,—red-hosed dignitaries, ministers of state, and a whole galaxy of chivalry, all blazing in their appropriate glories. The company were sorted according to their rank and official station; the cardinals, ambassadors, and ministers of state were accommodated separately from the rest. This invidious arrangement kept an American who accompanied me in a fume the whole evening, and made Kentucky ten thousand times dearer to his heart than ever.

But the fireworks of the Girandola were, to me, a far more interesting sight. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to the palace of the Pope's secretary, Cardinal Bernetti, from the balconies of which we had a view of the whole volcanic legerdemain, almost under our very windows. His Eminence gave us a most sumptuous soirée.

The first specimen I had of the orchestra of the Sistine chapel, was on the occasion of celebrating the obsequies of the emperor, and the effect was indescribably impressive. By way of prelude, we had a heavy, somniferous, though somewhat sublime chant, consisting of long, drawling semibreves held out in unison, the trebles, basses, and tenors, taking up the wild strain, each in their turn, but no intelligible subject or phrase, or the most distant approach to melody. It seemed equal to any moderate miracle of the Virgin, that so many voices should go together so exactly, with nothing in the modulation to guide the ear. While one of those long-drawn, thundering monotones, which made the rafters of the old Sistine tremble, was being protracted to an immeasurable length, by the whole force of twenty or thirty pairs of lungs, softening into an almost imperceptible morendo, there was, with prodigious cunning, ingrafted upon it, as the key-note, the most mellifluous of liquid modulations, the voices dropping in one after another, and, as they proceeded, blending into such harmony as made every nerve thrill with ecstasy. It was now a full, vocal orchestra, with all its varieties and combinations, modulating into transitions hardly excelled by the most inspired of the flights of Beethoven; yet was the sacred character of the music never for an instant departed from. The strain was truly appropriate to the occasion;—an epicedium solemn as death itself.

Cardinal Weld informed me, that as one of the chief merits of the vocalist is a strict regard to intonation, he is, from his earliest years, exercised with indefatigable assiduity to sing in unison. The least shade of a note out of tune incurs a fine; it used to be five pauls the note, but since the peace it has been reduced to three. Surely, under such a system of discipline, without looking to any superiority of natural organization, we can hardly wonder that Italy sends forth the first singers in the world.

I ought to have observed, that one of the chants was borrowed from the ancient Greek service; and I am assured has come down to us without the variation of an appogiatura. The melody from first to last never extended beyond half-a-dozen notes, of which majesty and solemnity were the dominant characters. I should say it was the massive doric of primeval composition, and positively rivalled the sublimity of Scripture inspiration.

To Cardinal Weld I owe a treat of a very *recherché* description; it was a lecture given under his own roof, by one of his chaplains, in explanation of the more mysterious ceremonies of Easter week, intended to possess all pious or curious persons of a correct knowledge of their symbolical meaning, and enable them to comprehend the various evolutions, which, we are told, made a part of the primitive church worship.

The substance of the prelection was extracted from the Fathers, going as far back as the second century. I remember, however, but very little of the matter. The use of candles at high mass was accounted for as typical of the resurrection, the fire by which they are lighted being struck from a flint, importing its escape from the

earth as the body will burst the bonds of the grave. The present site of St. Peter's church was demonstrated to be that of the ancient Vatican, where Nero had his gardens and grilled his Christians, or made them into bougies to light up the evening promenade.

I know no greater drawback on the satisfaction of visiting St. Peter's on crowded festivals, than the rudeness of the Swiss guards. You have no doubt heard of the treatment of Lady Ongley; how she was pushed and actually struck by these ferocious, unmannerly myrmidons, when about to mount the staircase on her way to the Sistine chapel. I was myself the subject of similar insult, not much less atrocious in spirit at least. The cut of my coat was objected to; and neither the moderation of my manner, nor my passport to the gallery could avail, as the slightest mitigation of the error of my tailor. No red flag ever excited more ungovernable rage in a mad bull, than the first sight of my dress in these hired bulljes.

After all, I had no great reason to regret my repulse from the Sistine chapel, as it put me in the way of hearing some exquisite music in another part of the church. It was the *Tenebræ*, performed by thirty of the most select singers in the papil choir. I never was so convinced of the unrivalled superiority of music in touching the heart. Its pre-eminent dramatic power in painting the awful circumstances of the Crucifixion, compared with Raphael's most successful effort on the same subject, must, I think, be acknowledged by the most unpractised ear.

For forty hours after this ceremony concluded, every bell in Rome was muffled, and every clock stopped, to indicate the universal sorrow. But the moment which announced that our Saviour had triumphed over death and the grave, the discharge of cannons, petards, squibs, rockets, and explosions of different kinds, proclaimed the happy tiding, with an uproar that absolutely made the banks of old Tiber reverberate. I thought the servants in the hotel would have torn down every bell-rope, from the excessive and continued violence with which they joined in the universal chorus, to testify their exultation.

## The Gatherer.

*Mr. Faraday* is not only a man of profound chemical and physical science, (which all Europe knows), but a very remarkable lecturer. He speaks with ease and freedom, but not with a gossiping, unequal tone, alternately inaudible and bawling, as some very learned professors do; he delivers himself with clearness, precision, and ability. Moreover, he speaks his language in a manner which confirmed me in a secret suspicion I had, that a great number of Englishmen speak it very badly. Why is it that French in the mouth of Mdlle. Mars, German in that of Tieck, English in that of Faraday, seems a totally different language?—because they articulate what other people swallow or chew. It is a shame that the power and harmony of a simple speech, (I am not talking of eloquence, but of vowels and consonants), that the tones and inflections which God has given to the human voice, should be so neglected and abused. And those who think they do them full justice—preachers—generally give us only the long straw of pretended connoisseurs, instead of the chopped straw of the dilettanti.—*Von Raumer.*

*The King of Holland.*—His Dutch Majesty is a grave, business-looking gentleman; nothing like apathy, idleness, or uneasiness in his appearance. There now and then arises in his face an expression of self-willed eagerness; but he never, or seldom, loses the self-possession and somewhat calculating aspect in his demeanour. Domestic and virtuous, as a husband and father of a family, he is temperate in his habits, and frugal in his personal expenses; with nothing of the glare, extravagance, or dramatic affectation of royalty about him. He rises early, and labours systematically at his desk, doing more before breakfast than the ministers of most kings do in a month.—*Macgregor's Note Book.*

What poor resembles a candle almost burnt out?—The Earl of *Wick-low.*

Why is a dancing-master like a tree?—Because he is full of *bows (boughs).*

Why is death like a man breaking your windows?—Because he puts an end to your *pains.*

*Thames Tunnel.*—During last year, the Thames Tunnel was inspected by 37,270 persons, exceeding by 8,000 the number of visiters in the previous year.

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